

MONUMENT FOR THIS BOY HERO.

Bankers Raising Fund to Honor Memory of the Lad Who Died Defending Westville, Ind., Bank Against Robbers.

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

Stood His Ground and Fought "Johnny Yegg Men" Till He Fell Dead, but He Saved the Bank from Plunder.

A fund is being raised by the American Bankers' Association to erect a monument at Westville, Ind., to the memory of fourteen-year-old Westley Anderson Reynolds and to care for the parents of the hero of one of the most desperate battles with criminals on record.

Robert A. Pinkerton, head of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, in this city, and his brother, William, principal of the Chicago division, have already received hundreds toward the fund. In their hands is the task of discovering the murderers of Reynolds, and they say there is no instance, in all their experience as detectives, that compares with the daring heroism of this boy, who was riddled to pieces in defending the Westville Bank on the night of Nov. 23 last.

Model for American Boys. "The story of Westley Reynolds's life and death," said Mr. Pinkerton to a reporter of The Evening World to-day, "should be published in text books for our public schools, that the youths of the present and coming generations may read of a boy hero in real life."

"Not in all our experience as detectives, covering a period of forty years, nor in the time of our father, the founder of our business, nor in our records, is there a similar case of courage on the part of a boy as was displayed by Westley Reynolds. He was peacefully awakened suddenly from a sound sleep and had no time to form plans, but was at once forced into what proved to be a death struggle."

Westley Reynolds was the model of Westville. His people, very poor, were compelled to let him help in the support of the household, and he got a place in the bank of Westville as night watchman, his trustworthiness being his only recommendation. The criminals, whose efforts to rob the bank he frustrated, are known as "Johnny Yegg Men," a desperate tribe of the genus hobo, who have absolutely no regard for life. Dynamite, which they manufacture themselves, is their chief tool of crime and the chances they take with the explosive make the stoutest crook-chasers quail. In one case a bullet from a policeman's pistol at a fleeing member of this class sent pursuer and pursued into eternity in fragments.

Three or Four to One. There were three and possibly four "Yegg Men" in the raid made on the Westville bank. They effected an entrance by throwing an empty beer keg through the window of the merchandise store in which the bank is located, permitting them all to enter at once, so they could overpower and bind Reynolds without difficulty or loss of time. The boy had three revolvers, and as the burglars came within the glare of a street lamp he opened fire. The crooks at once returned the assault with lead. Two of them, as the walls and the

WESTLEY ANDERSON REYNOLDS, THE LITTLE HERO WHO SAVED A BANK FROM ROBBERY.



TO HAVE WORLD'S BIGGEST CLOCK.

Laclede Car Company's Timepiece Will Be as Large as a House and Tower 310 Feet Above Elizabeth.

CAN BE SEEN TWENTY MILES.

Elizabeth, N. J., is going to have the biggest clock in the world, if the shareholders of the Laclede Car Company, successors to the Stephenson Car Company, vote for an appropriation of \$50,000 that will be needed for its construction. When the Stephenson Car Company moved its plant to Elizabeth five years ago among the plans for the establishment of the finest factory of its kind in the world was one for the biggest clock in the world. These plans were carried out to the extent of erecting a steel tower 250 feet high, upon which the wonderful clock was to be placed. At the bottom of the tower a power house was built and two great dynamos were set up, which were to furnish the electric energy to keep the machinery of this clock in motion.

Only One Firm Can Make It. Then the company sent around to the different clock companies in America for bids on this clock by which Jeresites within a radius of twenty miles were to be enabled to tell the time. Only one company put in a bid, the others stating that their plants were not equipped so that they could build such a mammoth timepiece. The Stephenson Car Company moved from Brooklyn to New Jersey. It selected a site about a mile south of the outskirts of Elizabeth, close to the boundary of Linden Township. The

original plans not only included the building of a great plant, but also the building of a small city similar to Pullman. But owing to the failure of several big contracts, the company went into the hands of a receiver. The failure occurred only a few days after the letting of the contract for the great clock. The receiver rescinded this contract, and for the past four years no steps have been taken to surmount the great steel tower with the greatest venture in horological science. The receiver of the Stephenson plant ran the factory until the Laclede Car Company, of St. Louis, took hold of it. The new company has been so prosperous that for some time past the directors have discussed the carrying out of the Stephenson Company's plan for the construction of the biggest timepiece in the world.

Clock as Big as a House. This clock is to be as big as the largest house in Elizabeth. It will be incased in a box 60 feet square and have four dials 50 feet in diameter, or a little more than 160 feet in circumference. The minute hands will be 25 feet long and the hour hands 15. These hands will be made of aluminum, japanned so as to stand out against the transparent whiteness of the dials. The minute spaces on the dial of this clock will be 32 feet apart and the hour spaces 12 feet. The point of the minute hand will travel 40 miles around the dial of this clock every day. In a year it will travel 14,600 miles, or more than half way round the world. The four minute hands on the four dials will travel 58,400 miles a year, or approximately two and a half times around the world. The top of this clock will be 310 feet from the ground and can readily be seen from any tall building in this city. It will take half a minute to move the hands of this clock one minute. That is 7200 horse-power to make the span of twenty-four hours. A person standing on the top of this tower as it stands to-day has a splendid view of an area with a radius of twenty miles, or 1,256 square miles.

When the clock is placed on top of this tower it is believed that the naked eye can tell the time indicated by the black hands against the white background at least ten miles away.

Timekeeper for Many Towns.

This will enable the people of Elizabeth, Newark, the Oranges, Rahway, Westfield, Cranford, Roselle and a dozen more small cities to set their clocks and watches by this giant timepiece. With the aid of a good glass it will enable the 5,000,000 people in Greater New York, Jersey City and neighboring towns to tell the time by this great clock. It is expected that the ticking of this clock can be heard at least half a mile away. It has not been decided whether the dial of this clock will be made transparent so that they can be illuminated at night, as the cost of the illumination would involve the expenditure of a small fortune a year.

DEVER GOING TO A BALL.

It's the Jay Finn Association's Entertainment, and He'll Sing Mr. Dooley.

"Big Bill Devery" is going to the ball. What ball? Why, the ball of the Jay Fins, of the Thirteenth Assembly District. The former Chief is training for the event, for he knows what is in store for him. The ball takes place on the night of Feb. 11 and the morning of Feb. 12. "The Chief" says he is going to attend even if he loses his prestige as a politician. He will dance and sing "Mr. Dooley," while the boys will fill in the refrain with the "Mr. Devery" improvisation. Wendell's Assembly Rooms, where the ball is to be held, will hardly be big enough for the crowd. It is assured that they will have a lot of fun even as spectators.

JAKE WOLF HAS DIVORCE SUIT.

Mayor Delancey Street Is Being Congratulated Over His Case, Which Is Now in the Supreme Court.

AN ACTRESS IS NAMED.

Defendant Left His Home a Year Ago and His Alleged Indiscretion at That Time Is the Ground for Present Case.

Jake Wolf, Mayor of Delancey street, is happy over the fact that he has a real divorce suit on hand in the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Wolf was the daughter of Aaron Hertberg, known on the east side as the "millionaire" liquor-dealer, and the splendor of the wedding is still considered among the Mayor's constituents the high-water mark of lavish outlay south of Fourteenth street.

About a year ago Jake left home and took up his abode at the Occidental Hotel. It is there that the alleged indiscretion took place which is made the ground for absolute divorce in the papers his wife's attorneys have served on him. An actress is named as co-respondent.

Bulgarian Ex-Premier Dead. SOFIA, Bulgaria, Feb. 7.—Ex-Premier Karaveloff, who was one of the Regents of Bulgaria after the abdication of Prince Alexander, is dead of apoplexy.

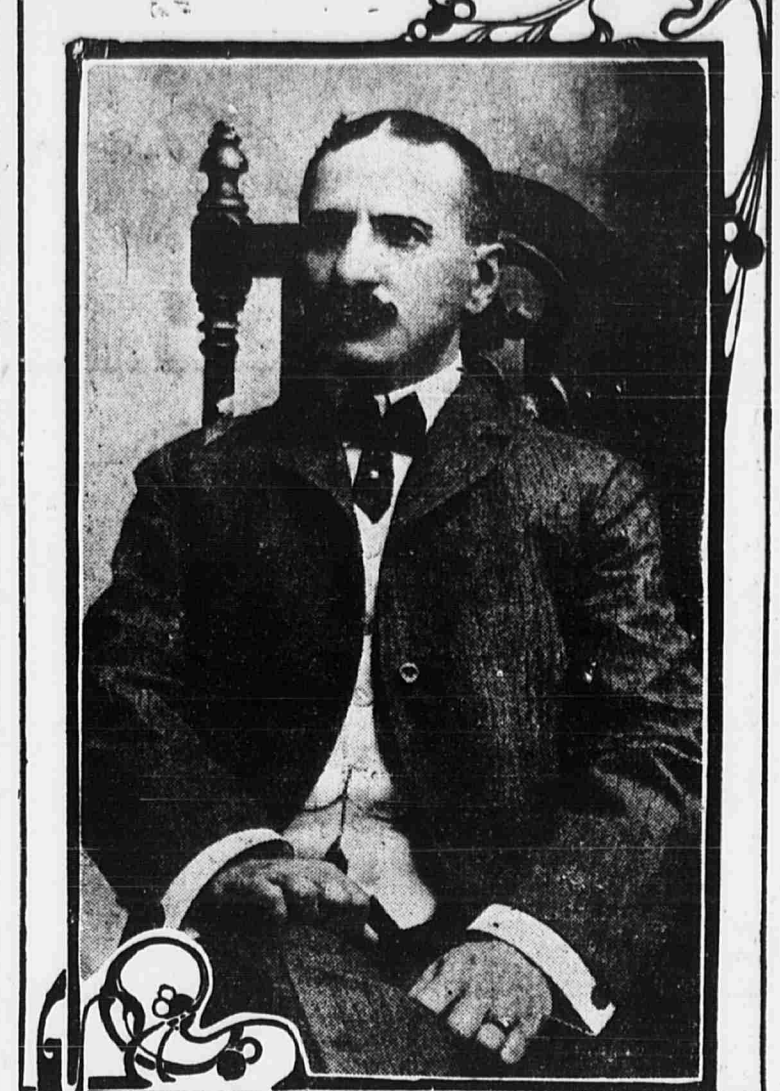
DIED AFTER PANCAKE AND BIRCH BEER.

Mrs. Kehney Had Made Hearty Supper, and Doctors Are Puzzled by Case.

Mrs. Minnie Kehney and her five children had nothing but pancakes and birch beer for supper in their home at No. 64 East Eleventh street last night, and this morning Mrs. Kehney died with severe pains in her head.

The doctors do not know what kind of poison the pancakes and birch beer make in union, but it is to the hearty supper she ate that they attribute her death. Dr. J. H. Shields, of No. 23 East Broadway, who was called, said that the contracted pupils of the eyes indicated that she had died from poisoning, but only a post-mortem will reveal its nature. A theory of suicide, at first advanced by the police, is not believed by the family or friends, who say that Mrs. Kehney was of a happy disposition and was looking forward with additional joy to the prospect of a sixth child in a short time.

MAYOR OF DELANCEY STREET, WHO IS BEING SUED FOR A DIVORCE.



OLD MAID? WHAT IS AN OLD MAID?

Young Women's Club Officially Decides that Spinsterhood Arrives at the Age of 25.

It is all settled, and the women of Long Island City are glad of it. For several weeks the women of that part of the borough of Queens have been agitated by the discussion of these two questions: "What is an old maid?" "What constitutes an old woman?" The reason for a discussion of this sort lies in the fact that the young women attached to St. Patrick's Church, in Long Island City, decided to form a club. It was decided by the founders of this club that old maids and old women should not be eligible for membership. Then came the onerous question of deciding at what age a woman becomes an old maid and at what age a woman becomes old. It was finally decided that a single woman becomes an old maid at the

age of twenty-five. The age at which a woman becomes old was not determined upon, but it was decided that women who had not been married more than five years could not be called old. Election of officers came last night. The young women (single) put forward Miss Olive Leahy, daughter of Tax Commissioner Leahy. The young (married) women made Mrs. M. J. Flynn their candidate. Miss Leahy won and she proposed that Mrs. Flynn be elected Vice-President, which was done. By-laws were adopted. It is said that they are quite interesting. They are jealously guarded by the members of the club. It was learned, however, that one of the most important clauses in it was one which provided that no member should keep a secret from another member.

If this be true, then there may be some astonishing revelations at each weekly session of the club—that is, providing the members live up to their by-laws. The name adopted by the young women is that of the Young Women's Catholic Club. The new club is not likely to be popular outside of its own circle, for every single woman over the age of twenty-five has been converted into a deadly enemy because she has been officially designated an old maid. Died of Fit in Street. Robert Chittick, forty-eight years old, was seized with fits this morning at No. 323 Spring street, and died before the arrival of an ambulance.

MUSTN'T GET PHOTO IN PRINT

President Cantor Administers a Verbal Spanking to Commissioner Livingston, Who is Getting Too Much Credit.

BUT IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

If There's Any Fame to Attain in This Administration the Amiable Borough Chief Will Annex It Himself, See?

What is the moral of this story which is now making the rounds of City Hall? One George Livingston, by virtue of an appointment by President Cantor, is Commissioner of Public Works.

When he took office one of the understandings with his chief was that all matters of news and items of interest destined for the newspapers were first to be submitted to President Cantor, from whose office the information for the press must issue. Commissioner Livingston made researches and designed improvements, with the assistance of his engineers, and reported directly to President Cantor.

Cantor Got All the Credit. Affairs went along swimmingly. Many interesting matters of public affair got into the newspapers, but President Cantor got all the credit. Poor Livingston was left out in the cold. He grew sore, but dared not complain. Wasn't he the official creature of the Borough President?

But there came a day of opportunity. President Cantor went away—took a short vacation. Here, indeed, was a golden chance. No longer was the exacting President of the Borough in evidence to steal the official Livingston's thunder. And so it came to pass that a photograph of the handsome Commissioner, who wears a mustache on his forehead—was sent to a newspaper, together with a report of the condition of New York sewers. The report related that the health of the city was menaced by the awful condition of the sewer system. Grand idea!

Aha, Revenge! All appeared, topped off with the photograph, a signed statement and top lines.

At last, had the Commissioner obtained his revenge. But the absent President of the Borough heard instant of the enterprise and forwarded a telegram chock full of (careless) addressed directly to the "Com-mish."

A "I won't do it any more" wall was sent as an answer, followed by a special delivery letter setting forth that it was all a mistake.

Now all hands are waiting the return of the Borough President. He is reported to have said a few things which mean that there will be a great falling down when he gets back.

A City Hall politician tries to indicate the moral. "Don't get into print until you are invited," is the way he puts it. Successor to Isells. WHITE PLAINS, Feb. 7.—On account of the resignation of Adrian Isells, Jr., who was appointed a commissioner with George R. Read to decide on the financial standing of the New York & Port Chester Electric Railway Company, Justice Keogh to-day appointed Dallas B. Pratt, of New Rochelle, to fill the vacancy.

Stage Lovers

A Mine Laborer

by Day,

in Society

by Night.

How Young Henry

McHarg, Son of

the New York

Iron King, Is Fitting

Himself to Be a

Captain of Industry

by Working in the

Mines at \$240 a Day.

An Up-to-Date

Young Clergyman

Who Has Astonished

Church Circles by

His Advocacy of

Worldly Amusements

as Aids to

a Better Life.

How a Yale Professor Believes We Can

Make Ourselves Healthy and Beautiful.

The Benefits of His System Illustrated by Miss

STELLA TRACY.

Miss Alice Roosevelt's

Five Suitors.

Who the Young Men Are Who Are Laying

Siege to the Heart of the President's

Beautiful Daughter.

WHICH

WILL BE HER

VALENTINE?

RICHARD LE

GALLIENNE.

"My Grandson, the

Future Duke."

Millionaire Zimmerman, of Cincinnati,

Whose Daughter Married the Duke

of Manchester, Talks of His Hopes

for the Noble Youngster. An

Interesting Chat with

EUGENE

ZIMMERMAN

WOMAN'S

STRANGE

DEVOTION.

A

TWENTIETH

CENTURY

MIRACLE.

The Story of a

Beautiful Girl Who

Married a Man to

Reform Him, and Now

Lies in Jail, His

Accomplice in Crime.

Her Own Confession to

the Sunday World.

A

Wonderful Change of

the Little Woman Who

Became Countess

of Castellane, and the

Magic Arts of

Count Boni Which

Made Her the

"Grand Dame."

The Trans-

formation

of

Anna

Gould

STELLA TRACY.

LIKE A STORY FROM THE GRAVE.

9,135

Days in

a Dungeon.

Sunday

World School of

Physical Culture.

First of a Series That Will Benefit Every

One Who Reads and Follows the Simple

Instructions. Conducted by

PROF. LEONIDE WANGER.

Dance and

Be Young

and Charming.

RED-HOT COAL

OF POPULAR

AMUSE-

MENTS.

How It Seemed to a Man Who Had Spent Many

Years in Prison to See New York City Again and Feel

the Warm Sun.